

The Academy

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The Literary Week.

A STRANGE fate has overtaken Mr. Philip James Bailey, author of *Festus*. He is generally supposed to be dead—that is all. Mr. E. J. Mathew, the author of *A History of English Literature*, which we review this week, placidly remarks that Mr. Bailey died in 1856. Mr. Bailey is eighty-five, he lives at Nottingham, and no doubt he will read with interest the following letter which Mr. Bradbury sent the other day to the *Daily News*:

I have known Mr. Bailey over half a century; and I am aware of the many people of renown who have called upon him, both in London and Nottingham. Over twenty years ago I was at an evening party at Moxon's house, in Dover-street, Piccadilly, and there met the late Robert Browning, the poet. He came to me and said he had just learnt from a friend of his in the room that I knew Mr. Bailey, the author of *Festus*. I told him I did, and he was quite delighted. He said he had many times inquired of literary people about Mr. Bailey, but not one of them knew him except by name. Mr. Browning said he began to think that Mr. Bailey was "a myth." "No," I said, "Mr. Bailey is a living gentleman, and a very modest one as well." He asked me how old he was; what sort of looking gentleman he was, and I told him. He said he supposed I had read *Festus*. "Yes," I replied, "and with intense pleasure." He replied that he had read it more than once, and was amazed at its marvellous beauties and most sublime passages. "There are passages in *Festus*," he said, "that are unsurpassed in grandeur, and quite unsurpassable."

We have in preparation an article on *Festus*, by a fellow-poet and admirer. To those who are constitutionally unable to grapple with a long poem we may recommend *A Festus Treasury*, selected by Mr. Albert Broadbent, and published by him at 19, Oxford-street, Manchester.

"C. K. S." states in the *Sphere* that a work by Mr. Laurence Housman has been offered by a literary agent to more than one publisher as "by the author of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*." Meanwhile the Love-Letter books continue to trickle from the press. There are two more this week. *The Lover's Replies to an Englishwoman's Love-Letters* is anonymous. The other, by George Egerton, is called *Rosa Amorsa: the Love-Letters of a Woman*. "Arrangements for the publication of this book," Mr. Grant Richards, the publisher, states, "were concluded early in 1900, long before *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters* were even heard of." In an explanatory note George Egerton says: "Personally I cannot see any probability of comparison, as I have heard from competent judges that the other book belongs to the region of exquisite literature; this pretends to be no more than the veracious expression of the thoughts and love of one little woman, of value only as truthfully human."

New books by "Zack" and Mrs. Wharton are being freely advertised in America. "Zack's" *The White Cottage* is described as "the best example she has yet given of her peculiar power of giving simply and sharply the elements

of passion and tragedy." Mrs. Wharton's *Crucial Instances* are eight in number, "each story depicting a crisis of extraordinary intensity in the life of one or more of the characters."

OUR competition in poems on the planting of a rose-bush seems to have excited considerable interest. Last week we printed, in addition to the verses submitted for competition, some lines by Mr. Eden Phillpotts. This week Mrs. Thomas Hardy tells us in the following interesting lines how rose trees are planted in Wessex. Mrs. Hardy, whose lines were written some weeks before our competition was announced, believes the onion custom which she describes is not widely known:

THE GARDENER'S RUSE.

A wild Rose-tree from the hedge brought he,
And planted it well in the mould,
Digging around, and making a mound,
To stand it up high, and bold.
Then a hole he made, at its back in the shade,
And an Onion deep tilled in;
For the Onion was bound to make roses sound,
And a fine rich perfume to win.
Down far in the earth, hidden its worth,
The Onion, coarse and meek,
Sought the roots of the roses, to give scent to its posies,
And brilliance in colour—a Freak!
Then came the summer, and many a hummer,
Humming his song, as he flitted
To the red, red roses, so sweet for all noses,
And blithe with their scent—well-witted.
At these roses so odorous, the man was not dolorous:
The gardener's laugh was bland.
"Tis a fortune," he said, "'Tis gold I've read."
... So the poor Onion's life was grand.

So long as actor-managers choose plays because they provide "fat" parts for the individual, and not because the play is well observed, well written, and organically strong and sane, so long will plays like Mr. Forbes Robertson's new production at the Comedy Theatre continue to be written. "Count Tesma" is unoriginal and unconvincing, and it follows a worn and rutty track. Mr. Homer, the author, actually permits himself to write such a line as "with his girl's face and false heart." The motive of self-sacrifice upon which "Count Tesma" is constructed is credible enough, but it is impossible to accept the unreality of the author's reach-me-down invention. And yet "Count Tesma" is worth seeing by reason of Mr. Forbes Robertson's intelligent and sympathetic rendering of the romantic part he has elected to play. The passages between himself and Miss Gertrude Elliott are marked by a sincerity of acting which makes the wild incidents plausible. Mr. Ian Robertson gave real help as the Hereditary Prince of Dalmania. To play a small part, and to make it vital—that is success. If Mr. Forbes Robertson, in his next production, would choose a fine play and bring power to a moderate part, that would be a task worth an actor-manager's doing. But a play depending upon dazzling uniforms, silly officers, and a

general air of second-rate Prisoner of Zenda-ism is a poor substitute for a play with brain and heart, even if a romantic part is provided. Mr. Forbes Robertson should have been warned by the case of Mr. Martin Harvey.

WITHIN a few months two Bishops who were also historians have passed away. Dr. Stubbs, Bishop of Oxford, was not such an "all round" man as Bishop Creighton, but his services to the scholarly study of history can hardly be exaggerated. He was the author of many works, of which the best known is his difficult but valuable *Constitutional History of England*. As an historical anatomist Dr. Stubbs had few rivals, but he rarely, if ever, could be enjoyed by the general reader. His scorn of popular history was complete. He laughed at Froude and was the intimate friend of Freeman. Few better literary epigrams have been written than the one in which Dr. Stubbs pilloried Charles Kingsley and Anthony Froude. It was prompted by the circumstances (happening together) that Kingsley had resigned his professorship of history at Cambridge with certain strictures on that study, and that Froude had declared in his rectorial address at St. Andrews that history had been garbled by the clergy:

While Froude instructs the Scottish youth
That parsons never tell the truth,
The Reverend Canon Kingsley cries
That history is a pack of lies.
These strange results who shall combine?
One plain reflection solves the mystery—
That Froude thinks Kingsley a divine,
And Kingsley goes to Froude for history.

Dr. Stubbs's recreations, as given in *Who's Who*, were "making out pedigrees and correcting proof-sheets."

THE late Dr. Tanner was not a literary man, but was capable of flights when he took up his pen. Once, when he had asked in the House whether it was true that the Duke of Cambridge had resigned his position as Commander-in-Chief, a Major Jones, of Penzance, was so outraged that he challenged Dr. Tanner to a duel, and the following telegraphic correspondence took place:

In reply to your despicable question about the Duke of Cambridge, I designate you a coward. Delighted to give you satisfaction across the water. Pistols.

To which Dr. Tanner at once replied:

Wire received. Will meet you to-morrow in Constantinople, under the Tower of Galata, midnight. Being challenged, prefer torpedoes. Bring another ass.—TANNER.

Major Jones answered:

Midnight meetings are for Moonlighters. You know what that means. Ask Colonel Saunderson who shows the white feather.

Finally, Dr. Tanner wired:

Never suggested Colonel Saunderson showed any white feather. Would strongly recommend bromide of potassium this warm weather for the staggers. Further reply useless. Will not spend another Tanner.

UNDER the title "Romance and Science" Mr. Leslie Stephen discourses in the *Pall Mall Magazine* on some of the literary conditions of the time. His conclusion is that we are between two ages, and that we suffer for it:

Something in the very nature of modern progress is essentially antagonistic to poetry and to romance. The intrusion of the railway into the Alps is really and permanently destructive of their charms. The subjugation of the whole planet has brought the daylight of plain prose into the mysterious regions where fancy could once find room for the kingdom of Prester John, which pictured the "gorgeous East" abounding in barbaric pearl and gold. That may be a trifle, or have its compensations, but do we

not become materialistic and grovelling as science extends, and, besides destroying old creeds and legends, fixes our aims upon mere physical comfort?

And the future? On this Mr. Stephen has some suggestive remarks:

The old ideals have become obsolete, and the new are not yet constructed. They can neither revive the ancient aspirations nor give articulate form to our own. The motives of which the poet used to avail himself are too obsolete for revival. We can read Homer or the *Nibelungen Lied* with literary enthusiasm, but we admit that we cannot write living poetry on the ancient model. The gods and heroes are too dead, and we cannot seriously sympathise with the social order in which the idealised prize-fighter is the highest type of humanity. Poets, no doubt, may still turn to account the ancient types—Greek warriors or Norse Vikings or mediæval barons; but always with the plain understanding that they are merely playing with extinct fancies, to be somehow allegorised or spiritualised by their readers. Military ardour, no doubt, finds its representatives. . . . The romantic may revive only in a more rational form. The Alpine chain is more interesting when it teaches us sound geology instead of suggesting impossible catastrophes; and the history of its inhabitants when we have forgotten William Tell and understand the real story of the rise of the cantons. The genuine element of the romantic subject is the sympathetic interest in our ancestors and in the scenery or institutions which call up associations with them; and the sympathy is really strengthened when we can conceive of them as real human beings instead of abnormal monstrosities. That sounds like a moral and edifying conclusion; but it must be left to the poet to reconcile it to our imagination as well as to our reason; and it seems as though it would take him some time and trouble to accomplish the feat. The Dante or Shakespeare or Goethe requires generations of unconscious elaboration before the characteristic thought of the period is fitted to be embodied by the man of imaginative genius; and at present it would seem that the varying impulses characteristic of a rapidly changing epoch are too distracting to be harmonised.

That, we think, is what most thoughtful critics feel, and, more or less, have expressed. It is interesting to have it from Mr. Leslie Stephen.

"To encourage life assurance and other provident habits among authors and artists; to render such assistance to both as shall never compromise their independence; and to found a new Institution where honourable rest from arduous labour shall still be associated with the discharge of congenial duties": these were the aims of the ill-fated Guild of Literature and Art in which Charles Dickens was interested fifty years ago. The Sunderland Public Library has just had presented to it a copy of an old play-bill connected with the movement. It announces that on Saturday evening, August 28, 1852, will be played for the twenty-first time a new comedy, compressed into three acts by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., called "Not so Bad as We Seem." The caste is interesting, including as it does Dickens—who played the part of Lord Wilmot, "a young man at the head of the mode more than a century ago"—Mr. Wilkie Collins, Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. Peter Cunningham, and Mr. Charles Knight.

WRITING, in Wednesday's *Pall Mall Gazette*, on the exhibition of Sir Francis Seymour Haden's etchings, dry-points, and mezzotints at Colnaghi's, Mrs. Meynell drew an interesting literary analogy, which we propose to quote. After remarking that Sir Francis Seymour Haden uses "that responsible etcher's-point which has no obvious laws . . . but which yet obeys, as does all art," Mrs. Meynell says:

The less outward and apparent the code of honoured laws, the more severe, perhaps, the interior allegiance, as an irregular ode answers to a more austere and interior rein than does a regulated sonnet; assuredly the French

Alexandrine couplet, with its alternative masculine rhyme and feminine rhyme, its immovable caesura, its pause of meaning at every couplet, its unaccented "e" before a vowel, its unaccented "e" before a consonant, all its proclaimed and advertised laws and bye-laws, is the most irresponsible form of verse in all modern literature—irresponsible to poetry, irresponsible to spirit, ignobly lax in all the weightier matters, set about with winkings and connivances and rhetorical tolerances dishonouring to the simple and awful Muse. The tithing of mint and cummin implies such slovenliness within. Whereas the English heroic line, single, unrhymed, and the most liberal line in all the world, wields the spiritual discipline, and answers to a secret legislation and control with which there can be no paltering. In like manner, or almost, is the unfettered art of etching a responsible art, and a master's etching the most responsible.

THE advertisements of the Northern Lighthouses Office have seldom a literary flavour, but the following "Notice to Mariners" is an exception:

NORTHERN LIGHTHOUSES.

DUART POINT BEACON LIGHT.
ISLAND OF MULL, FIRTH OF LORNE.

"THE WILLIAM BLACK MEMORIAL LIGHT."

THE COMMISSIONERS OF NORTHERN LIGHTHOUSES HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that on and after the Night of Monday, 13th May, there will be shown from the WILLIAM BLACK MEMORIAL TOWER, which has been erected near Duart Point, on a point 6 Cables South of Duart Castle, a Group-Flashing Light showing Three Flashes in quick succession every 15 Seconds.

After detailing the bearings of the Light, which will be visible about twelve miles distant from the deck of a fishing-smack, and much further from a ship's rigging, the notice winds up with the caution that, as the light will not be tended at night, and may possibly be extinguished or get out of order, "too much reliance must not be placed on it." This seems a rather serious limitation of its efficiency.

A CORRESPONDENT who has been appointed "honorary purveyor of poetry" to a country paper, writes: "My intention is to select pieces from all available sources, old and new, that are really good without being too good for the popular taste; but my difficulty is that many of the poems I should like to use are copyright, and I don't know whether I shall be laying my editor open to an action at law by inserting these. I am sure you will sympathise with my endeavour to spread a little of the light of poetry in one of the dark places of the earth, and perhaps you will be good enough to advise me on this point." The only possible advice to be given is that our correspondent should write to the poets concerned and ask permission to print their verses. He can write to them care of their publishers. In some cases he will be refused permission, in others fees will be asked. And he will receive some letters whose effusive consent almost bursts their envelopes.

"THE soul-destroying poison of the modern bookstall." The phrase is General Butler's, and occurs in his letter to the Clonmel Branch of the Gaelic League. The General is in hearty sympathy with the endeavour to revive the old Irish language. To the members of the branch he writes: "You are opening the long-choked springs of a pure and beautiful knowledge, and by offering to a national mind, which has always been hungry to learn the ruined art, music, and literature of its own, you are raising the surest barrier against the depraving influence—I might say the soul-destroying poison—of the modern bookstall." This opinion has, at all events, the merit of downrightiness, but we should have thought that a less remote and slow-

acting antidote to the alleged poison was desirable. A nation will hardly be persuaded to read ancient literature in a dying language, though its study may delight scholars and react on modern literature.

WHAT was the lowest price at which Edward FitzGerald's version of the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam was sold? In his introduction to Mr. John Lane's "Flowers of Parnassus" edition of FitzGerald's first rendering, just issued, Mr. F. B. Money-Coutts says: "Edward FitzGerald's genius has changed the scattered colours of the Persian poetry into a beam of light—a beam once on sale for a penny!" Is one penny a correct record? We merely ask.

THE art of accuracy is so difficult that there is something consoling in the mistake which Mr. Holmes makes in his *Life of Queen Victoria* as to the date of the coronation of the late Queen. He gives it as June 27, 1838. The ceremony took place on the following day, June 28.

PRACTICAL philology is a fascinating study. The author of "Notes About" in the *Pall Mall Gazette* indulges in it occasionally. As thus:

I have recently made acquaintance with a form, or phase, of girl hitherto quite unknown to me. I have, of course, encountered, in the pages of the popular lady novelist, the girl between. But the "between girl" caused me to lift the eyebrow of interrogation. Who could she possibly be? I had no idea. I had never seen her till I saw her in type. I had never conceived of her till there she was in print, priced £14 per annum. In fact, it was in the advertisement column of my morning paper—the column devoted to domestic requirements—that I first came across this damsel. The quaintness of her designation fascinated me. Who and what could this intermediate young lady signify? I do not suffer the lets and hindrances which bar the way to inquiry in the case of most people to affect me. Over the way was a domestic agency in which I have taken an impersonal, but neighbourly, interest. I elected to consider myself on neighbourly terms with this institution, and so I walked across and asked, in a matter-of-course tone of voice, for a between girl. I was at once supplied with a list of between girls which convinced me that she must be a much more usual development than I thought for. She is, I gathered, the intermediary between the kitchenmaid and the sink. As a philologist, I did not grudge the fee the information cost me.

To a sixpenny edition most popular novels come nowadays, and they are very welcome in that form. Such sixpenny editions of "Q's" *The Splendid Spur* and Mr. Whiteing's *No. 5, John Street* have been issued by Messrs. Cassell and Mr. Grant Richards respectively.

FROM a neat and interesting book catalogue sent us by Messrs. Karslake, of Charing Cross-road, we lightly pick the following entries:

BRONTË (Charlotte) Villette, 1853. First Edition, 3 vols., post 8vo, cloth, uncut, £1 1s.

CARICATURES.—SALA (G. A.), *The Great Exhibition*, "Wot is to be, showing how its all going to be done," Published by the Society for Keeping Things in their Places, 1850. Oblong 8vo, a folding scroll, 18 feet in length, bearing hundreds of very clever humorous sketches, with witty text, by George Augustus Sala, in the original boards, very scarce. £1 10s.

HAZLITT (Wm.), *Men and Manners, Sketches and Essays*, 1852. First Edition, fcap. 8vo, cloth, uncut, 5s.

LARK (The), San Francisco, 1896-97. Complete set, 2 vols., cr. 8vo, printed on thin brown sugar-bag paper, crowded with comical illustrations, chiefly by Gelett Burgess, painted canvas covers. £1 5s.

STEVENSON (R. L.), *The Black Arrow: a Tale of the Two Roses*, 1888. First Edition, cr. 8vo, cloth, uncut. 10s. 6d.

STEVENSON (R. L.) and Lloyd Osbourne, *the Wrecker*, 1892. First Edition, cr. 8vo, plates, medieval morocco, joints, uncut, t.e.g., worked with a very fine design of an ancient vessel, dolphins, &c., by the Guild of Women Binders. £2 5s.

The same firm offers for £200 a grangerised edition of Horne's *History of Napoleon*, containing military documents signed by many of Napoleon's generals, a signature of Napoleon when First Consul, countersigned by Marat, and letters from Talleyrand, Prince Eugene Beauharnais, Marshal Soult, Fouché, the Duke of Wellington, Sir John Moore, and many others.

THE eternal is at last becoming popular among authors. Within a week or so we have received books called *The Eternal Quest*, *The Eternal Conflict*, and *The Eternal Choice*. Two are novels. The third, *The Eternal Conflict*, is "Benjamin Swift's" attempt to solve the riddle of existence. It goes to the world from under the wing of a novelist (Mr. Zangwill), who, the author announces, has read the proofs.

THE ageless "Madge" of *Truth* announces a new book called *Manners for Girls*, "ranging from letter-writing to ladies' clubs," and no doubt packed with good advice. We suggest to "Madge" this motto in case a new edition should be called for:

Girls, don't trust any man,
Not even a brother;
Girls, if you must love,
Love one another.

Bibliographical.

THE recurrence of Mr. P. J. Bailey's birthday, and the attention given to it, may perhaps do something towards increasing his vogue as a poet. That vogue, I fear, is limited. Rarely, outside the literary class, does one come in contact with anyone who has even handled, much less read, *Festus*. That work is known, I fancy—as so many others are known—by extracts chiefly. Nor can we be altogether surprised at this. I have before me a copy of the "fiftieth-anniversary" edition, and I find that the letterpress runs to 794 pages of tolerably small type. Now the world is too busy in these days to read poems of that length. Mr. Bailey has deliberately handicapped himself in the race for fame by expanding his work to inordinate proportions. As originally published it was not uncomfortably bulky, but the poet has since incorporated in it a good deal of his published verse, with the result that the poem is now hopelessly unwieldy. I should give as another reason for Mr. Bailey's lack of popularity his comparative failure as a lyricist. There are lyrics in *Festus*, but they do not "sing," and they have no charm of form or of expression.

There is to be a volume on the subject of *The Author of "Peep of Day."* Who was the author of *Peep of Day*? We wonder how many could answer that question off-hand. Everybody has heard of *Peep of Day*; how many have read it? Well, thousands of thousands, I suppose. I find there were no fewer than five reprints of it, by different publishers, between 1890 and 1893. And then there is *Line upon Line*, a work scarcely less famous. A cheap edition of the two parts appeared in 1890, a year which also saw a reissue of *Reading without Tears* (Part I.). In 1894 there was a new edition of *Light in the Duelling: A Harmony of the Four Gospels*. I suppose one ought to

have read all these masterpieces, but (speaking for myself) one hasn't. I regard Mrs Mortimer's work from afar, and am genuinely sorry that her name is not more widely known. No doubt the new book we are now promised will supply all the needed publicity.

In connection with the decease of Bishop Stubbs, the *Daily News* has unearthed the well-known epigram on Froude and Kingsley. I cannot say, however, that I like its version of the text—quoted in another column. I prefer that which was supplied to me some years ago by a dignitary of the Church. It ran as follows:

Froude informs the Scottish youth
Parsons have small regard for truth;
The Reverend Canon Kingsley cries
That History is a pack of lies.
What cause for judgments so malign?
A brief reflection solves the mystery:
Froude believes Kingsley a divine,
And Kingsley goes to Froude for history.

This, I think, is the neatest form that the epigram has taken. As for the authorship of the *jeu d'esprit*, Dr. Stubbs is about the last person to whom I should have ascribed it. My own information teaches me to look elsewhere, but probably the actual author of the lines was not particularly anxious to be identified.

The announcement that there is to be a *Little Arthur's History of Greece* makes one feel quite young again—those of us, at least, who began our historical studies with *Little Arthur's History of England*. I confess I have no recollection of that work, though I suppose it was on the same clear and simple lines as those of Charles Dickens's *Child's History of England*. I take for granted, at any rate, that it did not do its infantile readers any harm. It dates from 1835, and it is not surprising, therefore, that it is no longer a factor in juvenile education. It is a notable instance of the "little ironies of life." Lady Callcott, who wrote it, was the author of a number of substantial travel-books, as well as of a life of Poussin—yet it is only by *Little Arthur's History* that she is remembered, even by the elect. I am not aware that there is any "moral hid within the bosom" of this undoubted fact.

The announcement of a biography of Dr. John Kennedy by his son, Mr. H. A. Kennedy, reminds one that there is more than one Mr. H. A. Kennedy in the literary field. I take it that the biographer of Dr. Kennedy is not the Mr. Kennedy who has written plays, and is (and has been for some time) the dramatic censor of the *Sunday Times*. Probably, though these two gentlemen have the same initials, they have different Christian names. If they have, it would be a help to cataloguers and the like if they would habitually print them in full. A Mr. H. A. Kennedy has published a book on Prof. Blackie (1895), *A Man with Black Eyelashes* (1897), and *The Story of Canada* (1897). Is this the son of Dr. Kennedy, or the playwright-journalist?

Talking of novels, we are told this week that Mrs. Lynn Linton's story, *The Adventures of Christopher Kirkland*, was largely autobiographical. I have heard the same thing said of Mr. Joseph Hatton's *Christopher Kenrick*. And it is just a little curious that in both cases "Christopher" should be the Christian name adopted. Usually, when your lady novelist wants a sort of pseudonym she chooses "George." "Christopher" is better, though even that would fall in time.

Where would our living novelists find titles for their books sometimes if they had not the poets to fall back upon? I see that a gentleman has already given us a story called *The Burden of an Honour*, with its reminiscence of Tennyson, and that a lady promises us another entitled *The Sea Hath its Pearls*, with its obvious appropriation of Heine. After all, a title which suggests poetry is better than a title which suggests nothing at all.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

A Work that "May Never Be Finished."

The Survey of London: Being the First Volume of the Register of the Committee for the Survey of Memorials of Greater London, Containing the Parish of Bromley-by-Bow. Edited by C. R. Ashbee. (London County Council: P. S. King.)

THE general reader's attitude to antiquities and topography is curious. In the lump he bans them, and it is a truism that books on these subjects—with exceptions that establish the rule—have "no money" in them. And yet the general reader loves to be surprised by a single fact or short train of inquiry in these directions. Editors will tell you that outside of current topics there are two things loved of readers: one is a dispute about a word, its derivation or misuse; the other is an antiquarian or topographical note by a student or an "old inhabitant." Upon a morsel of such lore the average man is capable of falling with enthusiasm; but he will not commit himself to any continuous study. The book before us would repel him. His purchase of it is merely unthinkable. Even the stimulus of local interest will not recruit many buyers from the mass; even in Bromley it will find only superior students, and these probably will have to be approached by some method of personal appeal. Nevertheless the apathy of general readers toward works of this class has little positive or reasoned character. It springs rather from the conditions of life, the overwhelming reality of the present, the reluctance to buy books at all except under the compulsion of a "boom," and the feeling that the pleasure to be derived from antiquarian studies is eccentric and unsocial. It is not antiquity that repels so much as the ways, means, and conditions of enjoying it. Hence the almost pathetic energy with which Sir Walter Besant drapes, arranges, and expounds old London. He by legitimate if rather transparent arts has won the maximum of attention to the history of London that can be wrung from general readers.

It is, therefore, a pleasing reflection that the general reader is being made to pay, through the rates, for the compilation of a work of such first-class utility and enduring interest as the London County Council's *Survey of London*. He will not buy it, and he will not read it; but it will filter down to him. Even he might rise to such a record if he could be inspired with a poetic conception of London; if he could see London as a city in whose very veins the very blood of the ages runs; if he could dismiss the idea that the Past and Present are separate things, and could think of the Past as the torch, and the Present as the flame; if he could, in a historical sense, awake and remember and understand. It is not antiquity that is tiresome, but antiquity divorced from actuality. Opposite to the door of the ACADEMY, in Chancery-lane, stands one of the few pieces of London on which Shakespeare's eyes have looked—the gateway of Lincoln's-inn. But it is not the gateway alone, with its escutcheons and date, that touches the heart. It is the gateway plus the Waterloo 'buses and the twentieth-century applewoman at its foot.

Again, it is a happy circumstance that the governing body which is most largely and nearly concerned with the regulation and improvement of the present life of London should have made itself the champion of its past. Far too long have the individual's limited vision and eager hand been allowed to work the destruction of all that is old, venerable, and helpless in London. Not that the individual was always the culprit. By an irony of fate which we rather enjoy, the deed of vandalism which brought this subject under effective notice, and resulted in a legal plan of rescue, was committed by the London School Board. We refer to the destruction, six years ago, of the Jacobean palace at Bromley. The School

Board calmly sold this beautiful old building, with its carvings, ceilings, fire-places, and oak mullioned windows to a firm of house-breakers. Fortunately the outcry was so piercing that the Board was glad to buy back the fire-place in the state room for £150, and then to dispose of it to the South Kensington Museum authorities, who had in the meantime secured the panelling and ceiling of the same room and the oak doorway of the hall. The reconstructed state room may now be seen in the South Kensington Museum—cold comfort! All the other fire-places of 1606 and the balusters, newels, and handrails of the main staircase were sold to "a dealer in Brompton-road," while the other fire-places and cornices now lend antiquity to a Chelsea tavern.

Hence sprang this righteous register, compiled by the London County Council with the assistance and sympathy of various societies. It is a work which its editor says may, perhaps, never be finished. The part before us, dealing with the small district of Bromley-by-Bow, is itself a forcible symbol of the magnitude of a record which proposes to cover the whole County of London, if not Greater London as well. In compiling it the dimensions of the task declared themselves very curiously. At first it was intended to deal with ten parishes in the first volume, then four parishes, then the parishes of Bow and Bromley together, and finally Bow had to be held over and Bromley alone considered. As the County of London and the City contain one hundred and ninety-two parishes, and as many of these contain many times the number of antiquities to be found in this small East London parish, the editor's doubts about the completion of the work can be understood. They are not, however, the doubts of despair. Mr. Ashbee flies to the optimist pole when he suggests that a time limit of ten years and a gift of £10,000 would secure the completion of this register. We can only say that we hope this £10,000 will be found. Why, it does not amount to £50 a parish. The fact that the work is necessarily one of many hands is mentioned by Mr. Ashbee in extenuation of probable inaccuracies and incompleteness; but it is obviously the only way of going to work, and it has the great advantage of sowing the good seed widely among Londoners.

In the present volume sixteen objects or groups of objects are registered and described. Of these, six have lived only to make their dying depositions, and two others have been threatened. We shall not examine the inventory in detail. It includes the demolished palace already referred to, the Manor House, Bromley Hall, Tudor House in St. Leonard's-street, the Drapers' Almshouses, the Seven Stars Inn, various other houses, and the demolished church of St. Mary, of which the monuments are preserved in the new church. One of these bears a seventeenth-century inscription on a child, which we will pause to quote:

As nurses strive
Their babes in bed to lay
When they too ly-berally
The wantons play,

Soe to prevente
His farther growinge crimes,
Nature his nurse
Gott him to bed betimes.

The record is systematic. Under side headings each ancient building is dealt with in relation to its ground landlord, leaseholders, &c.; its general description and date of structure; its condition of repair; and its historical and bibliographical references. To these notes is added a schedule of the plans, drawings, and photographs collected by the Survey Committee, with an asterisk to distinguish those which are reproduced in the goodly sheaf of illustrations at the end of the volume. From this sufficient indication of the detail of the register we return to Mr. Ashbee's general introduction, which is an

admirably lucid and far-seeing statement of the immediate and allied problems involved in the preservation of old London houses, parks, and districts. Mr. Ashbee shows, for instance, how closely this preservation is bound up with the housing question. Only a few weeks ago, in writing of Sir Walter Besant's *East London*, we asked what the fate will be of the endless undistinguished suburbs which are spreading over miles of Essex. Mr. Ashbee's answer is prompt and plain:

We find that for every slum destroyed in the centre half a dozen are run up in the suburbs; we find that while the legislators are theorising and experimenting as to how the poor should be housed inside the County of London, the jerry-builder is solving the problem for them outside, to the infinite loss and detriment of the community. We find estate after estate, park after park, coming under the hammer, the trees cut down, the roads stupidly planned; everything, in short, sacrificed to the financial exigencies of the few people immediately interested.

It needs no prophet to foretell that all this work will some day have to be undone at great cost and great loss. To anyone who has studied the needs and requirements of the poor who are drifting in these new and dreary suburbs of Greater London, for the most part outside the county area, it is clear enough that what is being offered them is a mere makeshift, a habitation in which life of any dignity or nobility is impossible, a condition of things that is seldom better, sometimes worse, than the slums and side streets of the centre from which they have been driven.

Weightier words than these we have not read for long. But what has all this to do with the æsthetic work in which Mr. Ashbee and the Survey Committee of which he is the secretary are engaged? Everything. The real need is that fine old mansions and parks and natural features should not be at the mercy of a hard speculator and a brainless jerry-builder, but should be so handled that they may be organically included in the new districts rising about them. The reader will readily follow that train of suggestion. Another wise proposal is that throughout London fine old houses should be saved as local museums, into which all local relics which cannot, with the best will in the world, be saved should be preserved. We agree with Mr. Ashbee in his emphasis of the superior value of such local museums to that of one central museum.

Amid such dismal facts and budding hopes this official register is a happy sign of the times. As a literary undertaking judged by this excellent beginning, and as a social movement judged by the views propounded, we wish it complete and accelerated success.

Inaccurate and Incompetent.

A History of English Literature. By E. J. Mathew. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d.)

We are always disposed to scan critically the pretensions of any new recruit in the vast battalion of sketches and brief histories of English literature already in existence. The variety of these is bewildering. Many of them are excellent; and it will, we think, be admitted that any addition to the number requires some very special justification. Exceptional familiarity with the results of recent scholarship, exceptional lucidity of statement or fineness of literary judgment, may confer on such a work a quality in virtue of which it may have a chance of survival: otherwise it is bound to come perilously near bookmaking. The example before us fails to pass a much less severe test than is here proposed. It has not even the pedestrian merits of some dozen among its rivals. It is not accurate; it is written without any sense of propor-

tion or development; and the lack of critical discrimination displayed throughout borders upon the grotesque. We are bound to justify this somewhat comprehensive condemnation by a detailed survey, which shall be made as brief and businesslike as possible.

The best part of the book is probably the clear and intelligible summary of literature in the Old English and the Middle English dialects up to the death of Chaucer. Even this has some obvious defects. The shortest account of Old English literature should include some mention of *Widsith*, if only for the sake of the light thrown upon the way in which that literature was produced. Aelfric, the author of the *Homilies*, was not abbot of Evesham, as Prof. Mathew says, but of Eynsham, quite a different place. The *Ancoren Riwle* is a rule, not for nuns, but for anchoresses. The omission of any account of Gower is extraordinary, and still more so, to anyone with a grain of literary feeling, that of any reference to the remarkable early development of lyric to which belong *Alison* and *Blow, Northern Wind*, and half-a-dozen other fine pieces. The period between Chaucer and Spenser is briefly treated, perhaps not without reason, but it is difficult to see why Hooker and Bacon should have been dragged into it. Of the *Morte d'Arthur* Prof. Mathew says that it was the first attempt "to weld the ballads dealing with the same subject into a great poem or a continuous book." No more incorrect description of Malory's exquisite adaptation from French cyclical romances could well be given. There is no attempt to differentiate between the work of Wyatt and of Surrey; and the title of *Tottel's Miscellany* is certainly not *A Miscellany of Uncertain Authors*. No serious student of the Authorised Version of the Bible (or any other version) will, we think, maintain that it presents "hardly a passage beyond the understanding of the most illiterate."

Over the great century from the accession of Elizabeth to the Restoration Prof. Mathew's methods break down altogether. He gives fairly adequate, if rather neat and dry, studies of Spenser, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Milton. But the few pages devoted to their contemporaries show a complete failure to grasp the age as a whole, to discern its turning-points, or to follow out the real lines of its literary developments. There is no proper treatment of Elizabethan pastoral. Michael Drayton, for instance, is spoken of only as the author of *The Barons' Wars* and *The Polyolbion*. There is none of the Sonnets. Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* is not mentioned. Samuel Daniel is not mentioned; and the sonnets of Shakespeare are practically treated as if they stood alone, instead of being members of a long and important series. There is none of the magnificent Elizabethan lyric. Students of Prof. Mathew's book must be content to remain in ignorance of the character and contents of the song-books and of so much as the name of Campion. The important position of Donne in determining the direction of seventeenth-century lyric is entirely missed, apparently because Prof. Mathew is ignorant of the ascertained facts of literary history, and believes that Donne's literary work dates from the reign of James I. instead of, in the main, from a decade earlier. Ben Jonson's relation to his "sons" is also not taken into consideration. The first and most important of the lyrists between 1590 (!) and 1674 is said to be Suckling, who was born in 1609. To him are given as followers Lovelace and Carew, who must have been writing his lyrics when Suckling was in the nursery. Among Prof. Mathew's innumerable omissions during this century perhaps Habington and Vaughan are the most remarkable. Drama is treated in a separate section, which begins with a mass of misconceptions. *Thé Ludus de S. Catherine* of Geoffrey of Dunstable is spoken of as though it were extant. It is not known to be true that the town guilds took over the representation of the miracle plays about 1268; and the distinction between a miracle play and a mystery, which Prof. Mathew repeats, is a fiction

of the eighteenth century writers. The literary merit of some of these plays, especially of the Towneley plays, demands a consideration which Prof. Mathew has not given it. Something should have been said of Nicholas Udall and his "first regular comedy"; and the brief paragraph on Kyd takes no account of recent investigations as to his real position in the history of the drama. One of the authors of *Gorboduc* is called Thomas Morton. His name was actually Norton. Anne Hathaway is said to have been the daughter, not of a "yeoman," but of a "German"! These are, doubtless, misprints, but they are misprints of a kind inexcusable in a compiler. Half a dozen other inaccuracies in the pages on Shakespeare, which there is no room to set out here, are, we fear, Prof. Mathew's own. As samples of our author's critical faculty, we offer the statements that George Herbert "never became extravagant or obscure," and that "after Spenser's death a very large amount of verse was written; but, with the exception of that which was done by one famous bard, little of it could be called poetry."

With the literature of the Restoration and the eighteenth century Prof. Mathew, consciously or not, is more in sympathy. But his pages still consist of a string of independent notices on writer after writer, and the main outlines are hopelessly obscured. The reader gets no clear idea, for example, of the converging forces which brought about the crisis known as the revival of romanticism. Prof. Mathew has a dislike of Rousseau and of the French Revolution, to which he is entitled, but which should not be permitted, as it is, to warp his perception of the movement of ideas.

It is in dealing with modern literature that Prof. Mathew's failure is most complete and disastrous. This is, to our mind, particularly regrettable. We yield to no one in our admiration for the literature of the past. But to every age its own literature, built up out of its own experience and reaching after its own ideals, must necessarily come first. It is here that wise, sane, well-informed and sympathetic guidance is most of all essential. And it is just here that we find both Prof. Mathew's information and his sympathy most lamentably at fault. Let a few examples under each head suffice. Among Prof. Mathew's curious omissions is the name of W. S. Landor. In his place appears a wholly mythical Mrs. Landor, described as an "amiable lady," who "saved verse from absolute decay." At the genesis of this fabulous personage, whose name is mentioned three times, we leave our readers to guess. Prof. Mathew quoted two lines from a well-known poem of Præd's:

Hic jacet Gulielmus Brown
Via nulla non donandus lauro,

and adds the astounding note: "Hic jacet. Here lies William Brown, a man not presented with any laurel, the epitaph written for himself by the modest Doctor." Philip Bailey, the author of *Festus*, is said to have died in 1856. He is alive.

William Barnes's poems were, of course, printed long before 1879. The drama in which Matthew Arnold introduced a "philosopher who lamented the decadence of tune-philosophy" is called, not *Eurydice*, but *Empedocles Upon Etna*. The last ten years of William Morris's life were not "given to romantic verse again" for *The House of the Wolfings* and its successors are not, as Prof. Mathew thinks, poems. "Annie Brontë" is not a name known to literature. These are not things which we ought to have to tell a literary historian, but they, with others, sink into insignificance beside the evidence which these pages afford of Prof. Mathew's incapacity to form a reasonable critical estimate of modern writers. What are you to make of a man who thinks that "Elizabeth Moulton Barrett, the wife of Robert Browning, was as a poetess her husband's superior," who can find nothing better to say of *Daniel Deronda* than that it "took as its basis the delight of a young Englishman at finding out that he was really a

Jew," or of *Middlemarch*, than that it is "rendered unpleasant by the incessant talk of dull men and women," that the "representations of Mr. Brooke, a country squire, and of Sir James Chetham, are sheer travesties," and that "the picture drawn of Dorothea, if meant for a description of an English lady, is ridiculous and incorrect"? The application of unintelligence to criticism could hardly go further. So far as a reader could gather from Prof. Mathew, the last new word in English poetry was that of Mr. Swinburne. The far-reaching influence of Mr. Pater might be for him a dead thing. "The drama"—it is his own phrase—"had to cease with the work of Sheridan." The novel, we suppose, had to cease with the work of Anthony Trollope, to which Prof. Mathew devotes three pages. His remarks on the present state of fiction deserve reproducing as they stand:

From the days of Thackeray and Dickens to the days of the problem novel, the descent was steep and dreary. The earlier and middle years of the reign showed a power of creative imagination, after which recent years have toiled in vain. This is probably due to a morbid discontent which has spread among certain sections of the community; and a good deal of the later modern fiction appears to be the production of dissatisfied people, uncertain of their own positions. The thousands of new readers who devour contemporary fiction have seldom grounded themselves in genuine literature; and it is a dangerous thing to be wanting in a knowledge of Thackeray and Scott in order to form a literary taste upon *Gemini Celestes* or *Satanstoe Mestitie*.

Doubtless; but it is even more dangerous to profess an admiration for Thackeray and Scott when you are writing a history of Victorian literature in complete obliviousness of the names of Meredith and Hardy. For so you make it plain that your judgment is a matter of tradition, and that the vital apprehension of literature is not in you. And then what is your homage to Thackeray and Scott worth? We need hardly stop to disentangle Prof. Mathew's confusion of thought between literature and the books which uneducated people read.

We are glad, however, to find one point in which we are thoroughly in agreement with our author. "From 1885 to 1892," he says, "the condition of literature got even worse. Educational manuals multiplied." It is quite true. The multiplication of short cuts to knowledge is one of the difficulties with which the age has to contend. And when a thing, in itself otiose, is handled with defective scholarship and poor taste, it becomes plainly intolerable, as in the case of the educational manual now before us.

Jesuitical.

The History of the Jesuits in England, 1580-1773. By Ethelred L. Taunton. With 12 Illustrations. (Methuen. 21s. net.)

THE most Jesuitical thing about the book is its title—a "History of the Jesuits in England." It might have been more properly called a history of Father Parsons, to whom the greater part of its space is devoted. Beside that burly figure men like Southwell and Campion, greater Jesuits than he, appear as dwarfs according to this author's allocation of space. The frontispiece of the volume is more frank than the title-page, as an indication of the purport of the succeeding five hundred pages, for it bears the underline: "Robert Parsons, S.J., 1546-1610." Unluckily the portrait given is not that of Parsons at all. It is that of a mitred abbot, painted in 1622—the date is apparent on the canvas. Had Parsons been alive at that date he would have been in his seventy-seventh year, but he had been dead already for some ten years. In April, 1610, having embraced and wound round his neck the cherished halter which had hanged Campion at Tyburn, Parsons peacefully breathed his last. As for this portrait

of somebody else, the author bases on it one of those estimates of temper and habit which experts in faces and facts class—where George Eliot classed prophecy—as among the most gratuitous forms of human error:

From his portrait one would be held by his piercing eye, which gives, however, the impression of subtlety. The face lit up by a smile could be winning and attractive; but, swept by a storm of anger or indignation, it could also be terrible.

And so on, and so on. More to the point is the author's definite statement as to the actual "counterfeit presentment"—very literally counterfeit—offered to the reader as Father Parsons. "The portrait given at the beginning of this volume was found by the author in an old print-shop in London. There is no artist's name affixed." But there is, as we have noted, a date. For a correct as well as an appropriate portrait of Parsons the author might have gone to the English College at Valladolid, or even, for that matter, to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1774. Still better known is that given in some editions of *A Christian Directory*, the book of which Parsons was part author, part compiler, and the popularity of which was by no means confined to members of his own communion. We have before us an edition (the sixth) issued by George Stanhope, Dean of Canterbury, who, as he tells us frankly, "cast out what was peculiar to the Romish Communion, and reserved so much only as might be supposed to come from the pen of a Christian Priest at large."

The epitaph written for Parsons's tomb in the chapel of the English College in Rome gives us the estimate of his character formed by his own brethren—the more interesting as no biography of him has yet been put forth by the Society:

To the most upright and learned Father Robert Parsons, an Englishman of Somersetshire, Priest of the Society of Jesus, and of this college the most excellent ruler; who educated and trained to virtue and formed with much labour youths of great promise, whom, for the conversion of England, he had gathered together in colleges and in hospices which in fitting places had been entirely founded or endowed by him—at Seville, Valladolid, Cadiz, Lisbon, Douai, St. Omer, Rome: with whom, as leader and companion, Father Edmund Campion, that bold defender of the Catholic Commonwealth, first of the Society of Jesus passed over into England. He was the avenger and champion of Truth; he pursued on all sides the foolhardiness of opponents; defended religion and refashioned holiness, by books, writings, sermons, letters, example. While engaged in these affairs he took to himself no share in a well earned repose, and never shrank from the honourable danger of personal defence, ever ready, ever resolute, ever rushing into the fire of most dangerous controversy—a man altogether lavish of his great soul. He completed sixty-four years, of which he passed in the Society of Jesus thirty-six through every pattern of virtue.

There you have a skeleton biography such as the writer of romance has often breathed upon. But do the dead bones veritably live after all? The Jesuit of fiction is a creation that has become a byword. But the Jesuit of epitaphs and of biography? The unreality seems to be at least as great. For of this same Parsons, the biographer whose book is before us denies the tombstone estimate. Unfortunately, no passage of equal length, or even much longer, in Father Taunton's book, contains an appreciation so inclusive as that of the epitaph. To the contents-table we turn for the set-off estimate as furnished by this volume. These are some of the entries—we include some that are merely biographical—under his "prevailing name":

Goes to Oxford; twice swears Royal supremacy; introduces Calvinist books; resigns his Fellowship; turns to the old religion; goes to Rome; joins the Society; enters England; his disguises; hunted; converts; lives in a palace; his flight and excuses; wants money; thought to be dead; his books do more harm than good; sent to manage Philip II.; turns trader; his coach and horses;

is exiled by the Pope; the plotter; his aliases; denies any political intention; begins intrigues; a traitor; a tool; insinuates at Cambridge; procures money for James; misleads the Pope; deliberate deception; justifies his rebellion; plots against (Cardinal) Allen; his credit failing; his old tactics; protests he meddles not; his religious doubts; his Puritanical spirit; is disobedient; love of the great; interpolates; found out; his untruths; his duplicity.

And so again on to "his epitaph," with its utterly diverse conclusions.

If the credit of the witnesses is to be taken into account, where the evidence is so conflicting, we cannot say that Father Taunton's is unimpeachable. He does not always quote from first-hand authorities, nor does he invariably verify his references. Resulting errors and misconceptions could be cited, did space allow. To sum up, it may be said that the volume is a field for the old-time quarrel between Regulars and Seculars—the clergy of the Roman Church who belong to Religious Orders and those who do not. That being so, "Ethelred Taunton" would have been a straighter combatant had he prefixed the "Rev." to his name, being himself a secular priest. So we end as we began, with an allusion to the title-page as itself a Jesuitical thing in this anti-Jesuit book.

The Abyss.

Studies of French Criminals of the Nineteenth Century. By H. B. Irving. (Heinemann.)

The study of criminology has a fascination for many. The ordinary reader need bring to it no more special knowledge than is afforded by some understanding of the springs of action and of himself. We are all, more or less, concerned in every tragedy which leads to the convict prison or the scaffold. A book like this, therefore, has a human as well as a technical interest, and that human interest is not necessarily morbid. It is well that once in a way we should look into the abyss and shudder.

Mr. Irving has chosen for his interesting studies some fifteen cases, which present wide variety of character and method. All save one were proved murderers; all committed their crimes with a hideous disregard to any element of pity or human suffering. The names of Lacenaire, Troppmann, the Abbé Boudes, Pranzini, Albert Pel, Euphrasie Mercier, and Ravachol are names steeped in the blackest infamy, an infamy every detail of which is revealed by the procedure which is sanctioned by the French Criminal Code. The exhaustive initial inquiry before the Juge d'Instruction, the subsequent open proceedings in the Cour d'Assises, unite to build up a mass of evidence against which no guilty man may stand. The method is eminently un-English, often revolting to our ideas of justice; but, on the other hand, the singular faculty of a French jury for finding extenuating circumstances serves in some degree to keep the balance even. If the prisoner is often baited like a wild animal, and the judge assumes the rôle of counsel for the prosecution, he yet has his opportunities for effective retort and telling appeals to the sentiment of the jury. "The struggle . . . in the Assize Court," says Mr. Irving, "is almost invariably an exciting one, the national character responding with unfailing spirit to the stimulus of what must always be a dramatic situation."

It is impossible to deal with all the cases presented in this volume; we will, therefore, take two as typical—those of Lacenaire and Euphrasie Mercier—the former representing the callous brutality of brains, the latter of equal brutality with a curious touch of heart. "I have always found Lacenaire simple," said the Avocat-Général who conducted the prosecution, "never seeking to make an effect, or pose as the hero of a tragedy. His faculties are of the highest order." But these faculties he put to no

better use than the writing of indifferent verse, a few newspaper articles, and his Memoirs. His father had once been well to do, but died penniless. The boy needed money: "J'ai l'horreur du vide dans ma poche," he said. He tried his hand at stealing, and was sent to prison. There he began an education which was to find a fitting end under the knife of the guillotine. His first exploit in the way of murder was effected upon the person of one Chardon, an image seller, who lived in the Rue St. Martin. For this piece of work he took into partnership Pierre Victor Avril, an expert in the use of a sharpened file. They succeeded perfectly with Chardon, and also with his bed-ridden mother. Unfortunately, Chardon was not so rich as report had stated: they secured only 500 francs, four silver dish covers, a soup ladle, a silk cap, and a cloak with a fur collar. Lacenaire's next effort was directed towards securing the bag of a bank messenger. On this occasion (Avril being temporarily incarcerated) he had another partner, who undertook to kill men for twenty francs. But François fumbled his part of the work, and they neither killed the bank messenger nor secured his bag. Then Lacenaire returned to petty larceny, and soon he and his partners were lodged in gaol. Those partners betrayed him.

At the trial Lacenaire made no effort to save himself; always cynical, he did his best to make his partners suffer with him; in the case of Avril he succeeded, but the other got off with penal servitude for life. During the time which elapsed between his sentence and execution Lacenaire held receptions and wrote his Memoirs. Here are some of his sayings:

To kill without remorse is the highest of pleasures.

I was always serious. I ought to have been a philosopher, never an artist. The follies of the studio make one pity an art so thoughtlessly practised.

While I had the capacity to write a play, I had also the capacity to kill. I chose the easiest.

I kill a man as I drink a glass of wine.

I kill without passion. Before killing, as after killing, I sleep equally well, and always peacefully.

Mr. Irving records that at his execution the knife stuck in the groove. "For twenty seconds it balked the efforts of the executioners, and not till the head of Lacenaire had turned in the 'lunette,' and those standing round saw in his eyes for the first time the great horror of untimely death, did the tardy knife descend."

Euphrasie Mercier was of a different order. Three of her sisters were mad, though she herself was accounted perfectly responsible. After so mismanaging a considerable estate that it all passed into other hands, she wandered with the three demented sisters for thirty years. Then she started a boot shop in Paris, and there met the Mdlle. Ménétret whose companion she became. Mdlle. Ménétret shortly afterwards disappeared, and for three years Euphrasie Mercier successfully gave it out that the lady had entered a convent, the name of which she had besought her not to disclose. During those three years Euphrasie realised Mdlle. Ménétret's securities by means of clever forgeries, and lived in the house with the three sisters. But she declined to provide an ill-conditioned and suspicious nephew with money; he communicated with the police, and the body of Mdlle. Ménétret was discovered under a bed of dahlias. In this case the jury found extenuating circumstances; no doubt the devotion of Euphrasie to her mad family appealed to them. Yet in her crime there was no lack of cleverness, nor was there anything to redeem its deliberate brutality.

Mr. Irving has arranged his gruesome material well, and presented it in a concise and dramatic form. His somewhat sardonic humour is well fitted to lighten certain phases of his subject, and he never departs from a perfectly just estimate of the members of his criminal gallery. His point of view is consistently logical and sound, which cannot be said of all biographers of criminals.

Other New Books.

GERMAN BOOK-PLATES: AN ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK OF GERMAN AND AUSTRIAN EXHIBITS. BY KARL EMICH COUNT ZU LEININGEN WESTERBURG.

This volume of the "Ex-Libris Series," translated by G. Ravenscroft-Dennis, deals with German and Austrian book-plates, excluding Swiss, which, as Count Leiningen-Westerburg remarks, have been exhaustively dealt with in Gerster's *Die Schweizerischen Bibliothekszeichen*. The Count was abundantly qualified for the work, being the happy possessor of twenty thousand book-plates, nearly ten thousand of them German. With a few exceptions he has, he tells us, avoided illustrating book-plates already often reproduced. It is not, he further warns us, a complete list of German book-plates, but only of the more important. There are, however, over two hundred book-plates figured in this handsome volume. It not only describes the ex-libris figured, but gives chapters on the methods of reproduction, the points of difference between German and English heraldry, inscriptions on book-plates, their size, and varieties. Among the inscriptions are some amusing ones, such as the following macaronic doggerel in Latin and German:

Hic liber est mein,
Ideo nomen meum scripsi drein;
Si vis hunc librum stehlen,
Pende bis an der Kehlen;
Tunc veniunt die Raben,
Et volunt tibi oculos ausgraben,
Tunc clamabis: Ach, ach, ach!
Ubique tibi recte geschach.

The book is a valuable one, which no student or lover of book-plates can afford to be without. The plates themselves have the well-known characteristics of German art—somewhat heavy, luxuriant in fancy, severe in draughtsmanship. (Bell & Sons. 12s. 6d. net.)

RONALD'S FAREWELL, AND
OTHER VERSES.

BY GEORGE BIRD, M.A.

The author dedicates this little book of verse to the Poet-Laureate in a poem of some length, which is a fair sample of the viands to follow. From his vehemently expressed admiration of Mr. Alfred Austin one would expect the book to be full of what is called "natural description," couched in pretty verse, and it is even so. After this manner:

What joy to feel the kiss of April rains,
To hear all day the merle's loud minstrelsy,
To watch the daisies whitening lawn and lea,
To be a child once more as, through your strains,
There comes the breath of English fields and lanes.

Reading your verse my heart renews the year,
And, lo! sweet carols waken in the copse,
The rooks are building in the tall tree-tops,
And o'er the woodland's carpet, scattering cheer,
The yellow morning-stars of Spring appear.

With you I hear the cuckoo's ceaseless call,
And wander through the golden meads of June,
And pluck the wild-rose (fading, O how soon!),
And join the reaper's dance and festival,
And watch the autumn's flaming splendours fall.

There is much such cataloguing of natural phenomena, after the manner of Mr. Austin himself, and you can learn a good deal about the signs of the seasons if you have not observed these by no means inaccessible appearances for yourself. There are the *disjecta membra* of what has been poetry, and will be again, but hardly in Mr. Bird's hands. Once he lights on a good line:

And the swan sings loud on the upland croft, lest his heart
should die of the cold.

But it scarce happens again that he gets any breath of fresh and personal expression into his verse. Much worse verse has come before us, and to many that is a sufficient justification of their work. (Longmans. 4s. 6d. net.)

EGYPT AND THE HINTERLAND.

BY F. W. FULLER.

Egypt is almost as fruitful a source of books as South Africa, and there is little that is new to be said on the subject. Mr. Fuller's object, however, has been to write a short and comprehensive work, beginning with European intervention in Egypt down to the end of the tragic period ending with the removal of Abdullah bin Muhammad, which, without following too closely on previous lines, might serve the purpose of a book of reference to the Egypt of to-day. This Mr. Fuller has succeeded in doing very fairly well, and he has studied Sir Alfred Milner's great work on *England in Egypt*, Mr. A. Silva White's *Expansion of Egypt*, and the Annual Reports of Her Majesty's Agent and Consul-General in Cairo to good purpose. What gives the book a special value is the fact that Mr. Fuller has given his references to authors and blue-books at the foot of the page, so that in case of need the more comprehensive works may be referred to at once without any trouble. The position of the Copts is one which especially interests Mr. Fuller, and he has given a chapter to their history and present status. The appendices are useful to the student, and the chronological synopsis of the rise and fall of Mahdism gives, in a succinct and handy form, the whole history of a most dramatic and epoch-marking series of events. For those who have not time to study the larger works, Mr. Fuller's book will be a fairly comprehensive summary of the period. (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE

INDIAN BORDERLAND.

BY COLONEL SIR T. H. HOLDICH.

There is a vast amount of information stored away in this volume, and it is all the outcome of the surveys and studies of geography carried on by the officers who have been stationed on the north-west frontier of India during the past twenty years. When the Afghan War of 1878 broke out we possessed but little knowledge as to the nature of the country which was to be the scene of military operations, or of the people with whom we had to deal. During the last twenty years the veil which enveloped the geography of the frontier districts has been lifted, and among the names of those who took part in the work that of Sir T. H. Holdich has an honoured place. The extent of the information contained in this book may be judged by the fact that Waziristan, Baluchistan, the Lunar Valley, Kafirstan, Tirah, the Pamirs, the Perso-Baluch boundary, and the Persian Gulf, are all dealt with; while three chapters are devoted to the Russo-Afghan Boundary Commission, to the Indian section of which Colonel Holdich was attached as chief survey officer. The book is written in an easy and scholarly style; is well illustrated with photographs and sketches; and has a useful, but not elaborate, map of the frontier districts. (Methuen. 15s. net.)

BRITISH POWER AND THOUGHT:

BY THE

AN HISTORICAL INQUIRY.

HON. A. S. G. CANNING.

This can hardly be called either a good or necessary book. The title is a misnomer, and a similar lack of grip and decision in regard to his object seems to run through the author's work. It might really be described as a survey of the growth of Christianity as a political power, with especial reference to Britain's part in it. But it is difficult to find any genuine unifying idea which binds together the writer's chapters: they amble and shamble in an indecisive way trying to the patience and bewildering to the intelligence. For "British thought" we are given mainly some chapters on Shakespeare, Scott, and Macaulay, in which the criticism is not new, and sufficiently obvious. Shakespeare Mr. Canning picks up, drops, and returns to in disconnected chapters without apparent plan or reason (want of plan, indeed, is a feature of the book). And his criticism is of so belated a kind that he absolutely devotes pages to refuting the outworn strictures of Dr.

Johnson and other such eighteenth-century writers on the poet. He is apt to be over-sweeping and hasty in his statements or assumptions. Thus, he says that Shakespeare, in "Henry V.," introduces a Scotchman, Welshman, and Irishman "with a faint tincture of national peculiarities in manner and accent, but soon dismisses them." Could there be a livelier sketch of the peppery Welshman, in manner and accent, than "Fluellen"? It is alive and familiar even at the present day. And "Fluellen" runs intermittently through all the scenes of Agincourt. But not to insist further on the book's defects, let it be said that Mr. Canning has the saving grace of a dispassionate mind and comprehensive outlook, while some of his observations are acute. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

In *My Experiences of the Boer War* (Longmans, 5s. net) Count Sternberg brings the eyes of a German critic to bear upon the struggle in South Africa, with results that are decidedly interesting, if frequently dubious. Seeing both sides at close quarters, his opportunities for forming fair judgments were many. It is impossible not to like a book, written by a German, in which we read: "The English technical troops are splendid. The railway and telegraph corps worked wonderfully. . . . They repaired railways that were damaged in less time than the Boers had taken to damage them. . . . When I think of the English officers my heart grows weary. Men who are decimated, shot down like rabbits at a drive, and still remain so kind-hearted and chivalrous, show themselves to have the right blood in their veins. . . . English politics may be false, but the English soldiery is absolutely honest and brave." Were we compiling a list of the best books about the Boer war we should include in it this book, the value of which is increased by the admirable critical introduction from the pen of Lieut.-Col. G. F. R. Henderson, the appointed writer of the official history of the War.

The Mineralogy of Scotland, by the late Dr. M. Forster Heddle, edited, in two large and well-illustrated volumes, by Mr. J. G. Goodchild (Douglas), is a work that would have interested Mr. Ruskin, nor can it fail to find deeply interested students among mineralogists. Dr. Heddle had hoped to complete his treatise himself, and the work of his literary executor has been difficult. But willing help was given towards saving and presenting in the best form a labour of a lifetime, and the result is a highly technical but very clearly arranged work of permanent value.

Miss Jessie Ransome's *Story of the Siege Hospital in Peking* (S.P.C.K.) is an unpretending but interesting account of the events in Peking last summer as witnessed by a deaconess of the Church of England Mission. During the siege Miss Ransome acted as a nurse, and her description of the work done in the improvised hospital at the British Legation is one in which every English reader can feel patriotic pride.

Mr. R. Brimley Johnson has issued a very charming pocket edition of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, in a square shape, with parchment backing and rubricated initials. The frontispiece is a good small reproduction of Mr. G. F. Watts's "Love and Death," specially permitted by the artist.

For summer juvenile reading: Sixpenny editions of R. M. Ballantyne's stories, *The Dog Crusoe*, *The Coral Island*, and *Ungava*, in pictorial covers (Nelson).

From the Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio, comes a highly technical study of *The Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakespeare*, to which Shakespearean students may like to have their attention drawn. They must be prepared, however, for some fearsome textual statistics, percentages, &c.

Fiction.

From a Swedish Homestead. By Selma Lagerlöf.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

A CRITIC in a hurry, needing a rapid classification of this author, might call her with some justice a Swedish Olive Schreiner. But only with partial truth; for she is more than that: simpler, more charming, more inspired, more freely romantic. Her talent is often undisciplined; her continual recourse to the supernatural is apt to irritate the reader; her statements can be too facile, too little supported by proof; but there is a mind at work all the time, and a very beautiful mind too, rich in love and pity for weak human nature. Were we allowed but one adjective for this collection of stories and parables, we should stand by the word beautiful.

But as a matter of fact Selma Lagerlöf disarms criticism. She is herself, not to be changed by blame or praise. Her writing is, we imagine, little pleasure to her in itself, and is valued only for its effect: for every page has its purpose. That purpose is the enlargement of the boundaries of the kingdom of charity and human kindness; and this artless Swedish lady, with her warm imagination, her curious literary tangents, and her gift of concrete imagery, is as acceptable a missionary as has latterly gone forth in the cause. We do not see any point in stating judiciously that in one place Miss Lagerlöf lacks conviction, and in another shows too much credulity. These things are secondary.

Not that the book is by any means a mere collection of tracts; but there is a moral in all of it. The fine free way of *Gosta Berling*—that odd, rushing, richly-tinted, generous tale—is not present; although in one of the stories we have another glimpse of two of Ekeby's cavaliers. This is quieter, more pensive. The first story, which is very charming, very simple, and long enough to be called almost a novel, tells of a demented man won back to sanity by love. The second story—also long—is a kind of history for peasants of King Olaf, the saint: an odd blend of mythology and Christianity, giving, may be, as true an impression of that innovator's character as has been achieved. After this the stories are short and various, the best, perhaps, being "The Peace of God," which tells how an old man lost in the snow was saved by a bear, and how, on reaching home again, he at once instituted a bear hunt. The bear slew him; and his family, despite the esteem in which he had been held, deemed his want of gratitude so base that they refused him all funeral pomps. In "Our Lord and St. Peter," another fable for simple minds, the moral that a bad man may yet speak truth and wisdom is put with a freshness that is likely to be labelled irreverence in some quarters—and that also might lend a sanction to clerical laxities. But the author's point is not less good for that.

Altogether a very interesting volume—and something more too.

Among the Syringas. By Mary E. Mann.
(Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

MISS MANN's latest novel is a very readable story, dealing with the attractive, uneducated, and slipshod daughter of a despicable, if semi-starving clergyman. There is a good deal in the book, it is true, that does not strike one as taken from the "quick" of genuine life. The conversations of Sheba, a general servant, with her mistress do not seem redolent of actuality: neither does the latter's astounding acceptance of these communications. Even from Barbara there is the expectation, if not of more pride, or of a greater sense as to the fitness of things, at least of a keener susceptibility.

Nevertheless, Barbara, though one of a rather numerous crowd of untidy, impoverished heroines, with a strain of

Irish blood in their veins, has the charm of personality. Destitute of conventions, as one consequence of her lack of customary education, she interests by being a woman unrestrainedly herself. To a certain extent what in a man would be called "a waster," she is at the same time deep-hearted, lovable, and unalterably natural. Even her naive experiments in shady behaviour leave her with a soul perfectly innocent and simple. Barbara's soul, indeed, gives the impression of having remained until the end of the book in a state of somewhat profound slumber, solely by reason of never having been called upon to do any waking business.

Her letters, the first especially, are the best things in the book.

Among the Syringas is not a strikingly original novel, but its pathos now and then has its fingers on the right notes, and its heroine, Barbara, remains, from beginning to end, equally interesting and human.

The Mayor of Littlejoey. By Fred C. Smale.
(Ward, Lock. 6s.)

THE idea at the root of this novel was probably engendered under the influence of the works of Mr. H. G. Wells. It is not a bad idea, and, in our experience of modern fiction, it is an original one. The Mayor of Littlejoey (which may perhaps stand for Newton Abbot in Devonshire) while searching the intricacies of his pedigree, encountered the fact that his grandfather's great-grandmother had been a fairy, was indeed a fairy, active and alive during the Mayoralty. Rosabel visited the Mayor, and played all sorts of elfish pranks, and her pious descendant was obliged to pass her off as his niece. After embarrassing him in the most shameless manner, she departed permanently to a South Sea island for the benefit of her health. In the way of fanciful farce something might have been made of such a scheme as this. Mr. Smale, however, has made nothing of it, except a tedious and conventional extravaganza. The mayor is named Pettigrew: that is a sad blow to the reader's expectations—a blow intensified by the artist's pictures of Mr. Pettigrew in a dressing-gown. Why do provincial mayors always wear dressing-gowns in facetious fiction? On p. 9 occurs the following ominous passage, a foretaste of the three hundred pages of similar mechanics which are to come:

Mrs. Pettigrew having thus gained one point, had followed up her advantage and prevailed upon her husband to commission Mr. Pimm, the solicitor, to hunt up the Pettigrew pedigree, with the vague idea on the part of Mrs. P. of coat-of-arms, restored titles, and gain of caste generally. As she truly observed, Mr. Pettigrew must have descended from somebody, and that somebody may have been Julius Cæsar or Henry the Confessor (Mrs. Pettigrew was a trifle shaky in history) for all they knew.

Of course, on the other hand, it may have been a murderer or a Wesleyan (Mrs. P. was Church), but in that case they could keep it quiet, and Pimm would say nothing.

It is a pity that Mr. Smale could not have left his mayor and his fairy in the pages of the weekly paper where they first appeared. We review the book as an example of the futility of a good idea unsupported by adequate treatment.

Trewern: a Tale of the Thirties. By R. M. Thomas.
(Unwin. 6s.)

THE sub-title of this well-written but loosely-constructed Welsh novel is more descriptive than sub-titles usually are. The book is a picture of an era and a district, a record of extinct manners. Told in the first person by the hero (modest, upright, and herculean), it abounds in inconsequent incidents of highway and town, without having any

recognisable plot save a rather spasmodic love-story. The hero's aptitude for getting people out of scrapes and generally of acting the *deus ex machina* on the countryside is somewhat marked. Whether a lady's horse has run lame, or another lady's boat has been upset, or a "proclaimed" agitator needs a guide in his flight across a bog, David is equally there, with kindly intention and unflattering tongue. Some of the episodes are decidedly quaint, as that of the squire who was dunned by his tailor. Fatigued by the tailor's pertinacity, the squire asked him in to dinner. The tailor dined, and demanded his bill once more; the squire, drunk, sprang at the tailor, but the tailor thrashed his customer and went off victorious with his money. The little farce is told with an excellent air of reality. The figure of Gwyn, the political lawyer, is the best in the book, and an extract from Gwyn's encounter with another squire will serve to show Mr. Thomas's quality:

"What bin did you get this from?"
 "Number three, sir, as you told me."
 "I told you number two, you ass!" shouted the squire.
 "You are getting into your dotage. Your memory is failing you."

"You did tell him number three," interposed Gwyn, laughing.

"Confound you, sir," said Bowen; "you give the lie to my port first and to me afterwards. But we must have a bottle of the nine as well to see how they compare."

I do not know whether they had more than the brace of bottles, but old Bowen always afterwards spoke with some respect of Gwyn. "A pestilent Radical, sir, no doubt," he would say, "but he knew a good glass of wine, and he did not know the difference between an attorney and a gentleman. Contradicted me flatly when he chose. Didn't assert himself, but took himself for granted, if you know what I mean. Gave me the idea that he would have talked the same way to a prince or a stone-breaker, and damn it, sir, a man can't have better manners than that. Son of an innkeeper! God knows where he got it from, but that man had good blood in his veins, or all our ideas are wrong."

Trevelyan is a praiseworthy production.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.

Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE MAKING OF CHRISTOPHER
 FERRINGHAM.

BY BEULAH M. DIX.

An American novel. Massachusetts of John Endicott's time! It is the story of a younger son of an old English house, who had been brought up in the Cavalier camp, taken prisoner after Worcester, and sent by his grandfather, a Parliament man, out to his kinsfolk in a Puritan New England settlement. There he is in bad repute, and finds friends only among the lapsed, but his good heart and high courage bring him safe through disgrace and peril, and after being hunted out of the settlement at Meadowcreek, the making-time comes, and all is well. The heroine is a pretty Puritan. (Macmillan. 6s.)

PASTORALS OF DORSET.

BY M. E. FRANCIS.

Eleven studies of Dorsetshire life, reprinted from various magazines and journals.

"What a din they do make—a body can scarce hear his own voice," cried Joyce.

"'Tis their natur' like, master," replied the shepherd, hobbling after him. "There's little need of a-hearin' one's own voice with ewes and lambs about. It do take a man all his time to see to 'em." (Longmans. 6s.)

IN BAD COMPANY.

BY ROLF BOLDEWOOD.

Thirty-eight Australian stories and sketches. The longest, which gives its title to the volume, turns on the wickedness of a trades-unionist agitator during an Australian strike. Others describe bushrangers, rough-riding contests, kangaroo shoots, lapsed gentlefolk, &c. (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE ETERNAL CHOICE.

BY E. H. COOPER.

By the author of *Mr. Blake of Newmarket* and other stories. The author, in a dedication, neatly and modestly fingers his literary "output." It runs: "To C. L. C., who has helped me with so many of my stories, bringing order into their chaos of children, racehorses, and shadowy men and women, I dedicate this latest result of our joint work." *The Eternal Choice* is a story of modern times. Love is its theme. The author has humour and a light touch. (Pearson. 6s.)

VOYSEY.

BY R. O. PROWSE.

A long, closely-packed novel which, we observe, is being advertised as "the novel of the day." In the beginning, during a pianoforte recital, Voysey (he is a man) is introduced. He has "a certain independence in the doing of his hair," and "it was a face that women had seldom gone so far as to call good-looking, though they had sometimes thought it interesting." Voysey dominates the book. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE TREASURE OF
 CAPTAIN SCARLETT

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

The prologue is of adventure, and opens on a sandy beach. Out of six hundred souls only seven survived. Enter Captain Scarlett:

"'It's the man Scarlett,' he said.

Nelly cast a glance of horror first upon him and then upon the stranger.

"The murderer?" she gasped.

Robert Strange nodded in reply."

"The story," which fills two-thirds of the book, is of the "dear-old-grange" and "Peggy" variety. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE BURDEN OF AN HONOUR.

BY R. ST. J. CORBET.

This is a sunny English story—a kind of diluted Trollope. Trollope's general and archdeacon are here, and his tennis-lawns and clubs and country life. His skill and subtlety are in nowise matched; but the Trollopean pleasantness abounds; and much of the dialogue is really amusing. The heroine, too, is a delightful girl—big, brown-eyed, and well-bred. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

A DARING SPIRIT.

BY MRS. BAGOT-HARTE.

A suburban murder story, in which the real culprit is overheard in guilty confessions to his wife in Kensal-green Cemetery at night by a boy who kept up his courage by eating buns. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

IN THE SHADOW OF GUILT.

BY M. C. AND R. LEIGHTON.

Melodrama, with pictures, and such chapter headings as "The Canker in Sir Aubrey's Heart," "The Skeleton in the Cupboard," "Sir Aubrey Meets the Living Past." The pictures are tremendous. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

A STOLEN WOOING.

BY SEYTON HEATH.

A desperately sentimental story on novelette lines, with the death of the hero on the stage of a theatre. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

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The Bible and the Bishops.

No book has ever changed its place in the estimation of English people more completely than has the Bible. Without going so far back as the Reformation, when the sufficiency of the Scriptures for salvation was almost the only point on which the Reformers agreed, one has only to look at the popular literature of fifty years ago to see that the Bible was then considered by the great majority of Englishmen as the last appeal in matters not only of religion, but of history and of science. It was the authority of the Bible that the opponents of new ideas invoked against the theories of geologists and evolutionists, and for some time, at any rate, this was sufficient to prevent their gaining the universal acceptance they have since received. A little later, statesmen like Lord Cairns, the first Lord Selborne, and Mr. Gladstone made no scruple of alluding to it as an authority beyond dispute even in purely secular matters, and did so without awakening any audible dissent in those they were addressing. But now the position is entirely changed. Save for a few quotations, generally made without acknowledgment of their source, the Bible might as well not exist so far as contemporary literature is concerned, and the statesman who would draw any serious arguments in public from the Creation of Man, Noah's Ark, Balaam's Ass, or Jonah's Whale, would only expose himself to the derision of his audience. Nor is all this due to mere caprice. Modern investigation and modern discoveries have thrown an entirely new light on the sources both of the Biblical legends and the Biblical books, with the result that while all the earlier legends can be shown to have been borrowed by the Jews from a heathen source, hardly one of the Books of the Bible is now attributed to the author who was formerly supposed to have written it. When we now talk of the Bible we mean something quite different from what was meant even twenty years ago.

The odd thing about this levelling of what was once considered the great bulwark of Christianity is that it has been brought about, not from without, but from within. So far as England is concerned, it has not been the attacks of unbelievers like Voltaire, Winwood Reade, or Renan that have undermined the Englishman's traditional belief in his Bible, but the theories and admissions of those whom he believed to be engaged in its defence. Nearly all those who of late years have embarked in Biblical criticism have been divines or university professors whose orthodoxy was undoubted. Nor has the result been the work of any one school or party. As readers of the ACADEMY must know from our reviews, the admissions of the moderate school of critics have been quite as fatal as the wilder theories of the more advanced, and the works of Profs. Sayce and Hommel, of Dean Payne Smith, and the Hulsean and Warburtonian lecturers have made it perhaps rather more impossible for ordinary minds to accept as authentic a great part of the Bible than have the lucubrations of Prof. Wellhausen and the Higher Criticism. At last, however, the last-named school may fairly claim to have distanced their rivals, and the high-water mark of destructive criticism seems to have been reached with the appearance of the

last volume of Canon Cheyne's *Encyclopædia Biblica* (reviewed in the ACADEMY of February 23, 1901), wherein Prof. Schmiedel asserts, without any sign of contradiction or dissent from the editors, that there are only five passages in the whole of the Gospels which enable us "to prove to a sceptic that there is any historical value to be assigned to the Gospels." It is significant that these passages can all be used—and, in fact, are used—by their collector as arguments against the divinity of the Founder of Christianity, or, to use Prof. Schmiedel's own words, to prove "that in the person of Jesus we have to do with a completely human being, and that the divine is to be sought in Him only in the form in which it is capable of being found in a man."

Now this, as we have before said, seems to us pre-eminently a matter which concerns the Church of England. The Roman Church has always refused to allow the laity any voice in the interpretation or the discussion of Scripture, and, no doubt, now contemplates with a certain sanctified malice the use to which the heretics, after all the clamour which they have raised in the past over "an open Bible," have put their dearly acquired liberty. The Free Churches, on the other hand, from the closer nature of their Biblical studies and the greater elasticity of their formulas, have always been both more inclined towards the Higher Criticism and better acquainted with its pretensions than have the majority of Anglicans, and many of their ministers are doubtless now hard at work weighing and testing the evidence on which Prof. Schmiedel bases his conclusions with a view to their refutation or modification if either be possible, and their assimilation if it be not. But the Church of England is in a very different position to any of these. Apart from the fact that among her divines theological learning is rare, and what there is of it is for the most part on the side of the enemy, she alone demands from each of her ministers on his ordination the assertion of the most unquestioning belief in the whole of the Bible. "Do you unfeignedly believe all the Canonical Scriptures?" is the question put to the candidate in the *Ordering of Deacons*, and to this he has to reply "I do." Hence no compromise with the position taken up by those who now assert that none but a comparatively small part of the Canonical books is believable can be discovered by lay minds, and the only question that remains is, What are the Bishops going to do?

As to what they would have done had the situation occurred forty years back there can be no reasonable doubt. In 1863 the Bishop of Salisbury presented articles against the Rev. Rowland Williams for having, among other things, maintained in the famous *Essays and Reviews* that the Bible was not the Word of God nor the rule of our faith, and, although Dr. Williams was acquitted on this charge by the Privy Council in the following year, it was only because they considered that the words used by him did not bear the construction put upon them. After Lord Westbury's judgment, moreover, an address was presented by 137,000 members of the Church of England to the two Archbishops praying that they might "be enabled with the other bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland to take effectual counsel for upholding (among other things) the Divine authority of Holy Scriptures." What this meant might be seen in the persecution of Dr. Jowett by Pusey and his party for the offence of contributing to *Essays and Reviews*, which, although ineffective in the main point, yet prevented the then Regius Professor of Greek from receiving his full salary for more than six years. The case seems to be on all fours with the present one, for, although Prof. Schmiedel, who is a Professor at Zurich, is not amenable to episcopal jurisdiction, Canon Cheyne, as a dignitary of the Church, certainly is, and in his position as Oriel Professor of Interpretation of Holy Scripture at Oxford has possibly laid himself open to the same sort of attack as Jowett. Yet we

may venture to guess that no such proceedings will be instituted, at any rate by the Bishops themselves. The difficulty of proving to lay judges, with whom the decision must ultimately rest, that any human being should be made to suffer for religious opinions conscientiously expressed, and an exaggerated respect for that German scholarship with which most of them are but indifferently well acquainted, will, perhaps, form two of the reasons which will cause the Bishops to hesitate long before embarking on the stormy sea of legal proceedings. Perhaps a synodical condemnation of the *Encyclopædia* by Convocation, which will have the advantage, as Lord Westbury once said, of not being a condemnation and hurting nobody, will be all the thunder that they will employ in defence of the faith.

It does not follow from this that the orthodox will give up what Mr. Gladstone somewhat mistakenly called "the Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture" without a struggle. They would be ill-advised if they did, for—to tell them a secret—the battle-line of the Higher Critics is by no means so strong as it looks, and might break to pieces before a counter-attack pushed home with skill and learning. But it will require a better leader than the Bishop of Southampton, whose articles in our contemporary, *The Pilot*, are, perhaps, the first shots fired by his side in the fray. This dignitary, who is, as we may remind our readers, one of the suffragans of the Bishop of Winchester, does not indeed mention in terms the *Encyclopædia*; but, as his communications have all appeared after the reviews of the last volume, this may be due only to the ecclesiastical habit of averting, as women are said to do, the eyes from the blow which is seen to be inevitable. But the articles are avowedly evoked by recent criticism, the effect of which he states in curiously mild and anodyne terms. Thus, he tells us, criticism working on positive lines has "come to hold that for much of the history recorded in the Bible there is no contemporary authority, or at best only oral traditions committed to writing in their present form long after the events they record," and "these doubts as to the genuineness of some of the Biblical writings have led to doubts of their authenticity." And by "the comparative method" results are obtained in which he apparently is willing to acquiesce.

Such a process [i.e., as placing the Bible alongside the sacred books of other religions] naturally [the italics are ours] results in theories which regard many parts of the Bible as specimens of an almost universal mythological tendency or, at all events, as devoid of that unique historical and doctrinal authority which was formerly ascribed without controversy to each and every portion of the inspired volume.

From this it would appear that some part, at any rate, of the position of the Higher Criticism is conceded by Dr. Lyttelton, although the obscurity of his language on this point seems to indicate a corresponding confusion of mind. But in his last article, entitled "The Tractarians and Biblical Criticism," he leaves us in less doubt as to how he would, if he had a free hand, deal with the matter. This would simply be by refusing to the individual judgment any part in its decision. "By the direct aid of the Holy Spirit," he says, "the baptized Christian taught by the Church the fundamental truths of Christianity will find in the Bible the fullest and surest support of these truths"; and he quotes (it is presumed with approval) from "the greatest philosophical theologian of the Tractarians, Robert Wilberforce"—though whether the passage was written before or after this theologian's reception into the Roman Church he does not say—that "the spiritual gift by which alone the true meaning of the Scriptures can be rightly discerned is, as a rule, bestowed only upon the Church and upon individuals as members of that body." Later, he goes on to quote from Coleridge the dictum that it is impossible for those who look upon the Scriptures "merely as a set of documents contrived for the instruction of individual men merely as

a witness to them for what has been done for them . . . to encounter the common objections to the Bible." "For these objections," he says in conclusion, "can only be met by constant reference to the Church."

Here, then, is an indication of the way in which the High Church or Anglo-Catholic party propose to resist such a determined assault upon its hitherto most cherished doctrines as are contained in Prof. Schmiedel's denial of the divinity of the Founder of Christianity and of the credibility of the Gospels. "Do not," it says in effect, "trouble your heads as to whether the events narrated in the Bible actually happened or whether the evidence for them is such as to warrant your belief in them as objective facts. The interpretation of Scripture, which naturally includes both its authenticity and its credibility, is a matter not for you but for the Church, and it is for you to believe on her authority and not on that of any private exercise of the reason." If this be the correct interpretation of the quotation given above, we are bound to say we think the claim is a mistake, both from the tactical and the apologetic point of view. We need not stop to inquire what is the Church to which the Bishop of Southampton refers, nor how he proposes to obtain her decision. The ACADEMY is, as our readers know, edited in the interest of no party or sect whatever, and our only position in the matter is that of the disinterested onlooker. But from what we know of Englishmen as a whole, we think that if they are to regain or retain their former belief in the Bible it will not be on the *sic volo sic jubeo* of any Church.

Things Seen.

The End.

WE climbed in the evening to the little church upon the hill and watched the lonely world glimmering away to infinity. In front was the sea, motionless yet moving; to the right the plain with the dim sheep and reaches of the tiny river touched to a golden shimmer; to the left yellow sands sweeping round the bay and the red roofs of a hill-town; behind uplands, a line of feathery trees standing against the sky, and one light in a farm-house window. Overhead hung the new moon, a wisp tossed into the blue, shyly turning from the splendour of the setting sun. Homing birds flew through the still air, and the deep silence was broken, now and again, by the cuckoo's cry, as if its spirit, doomed to eternal repentance for wilful misunderstanding in some past life, was saying: "I know now, I know now."

Over all came the strange hush and flush that marks the close of day. It was England. And here to this peaceful hill, crowned by its grey church tower and its acre of graves, one who had died for England had come. From the far turmoil the soldier had been brought to his English home. Newly: for the flowers on the mound were still fresh. Here was a wreath from his comrades, there one from his old schoolfellows, and others, too, more intimate, whose names must not be recalled. But at the head of the mound was a card with these words written upon it: "His own epitaph, chosen by himself:

What I aspired to be
And am not—comforts me."

Rest well, good soldier! Is it so, I wonder, as one of our own poets has said—that they who die for England sleep with God?

The Worker.

OF all the men I have ever known he was the most cheerful, and the most incompetent. We met thus: he was driving a motor-car up a gentle ascent, on the top of which stood a stone gateway—ancient and massive. He

drove the motor-car gleefully, standing, waving his free hand, and shouting to the drivers of the other vehicles to make way. In attempting to pass on the wrong side of a carriage that was coming down the ascent he ran into the stone archway. If he had tried, I doubt if he could have impinged on that stone buttress more magnificently. He charged it plump. The front of the motor-car met the stonework squarely, reared like a horse, and came to a standstill in a disarray of wheels and broken woodwork. The incompetent stepped out, and smiled at the wreck. "You'll have some trouble to get it home," I said. "It's a day's job," he replied, with a smile of exultation. "A bad day's job," I remarked. The incompetent shook his head and gave a happy laugh. "It's like this, sir, I'm the odd man in the village. I turn my hand to anything, and when the blacksmith asked me to take this motor to the Doctor's house, I jumped at the job. You see, I've got no regular work, and I miss regular work badly. I can't be idle. I don't know how to. When I first came here I thought I should have gone crazy for want of something to do. I had to leave London for my health. I drove a brewer's dray there for thirty years, every moment of my time occupied, and when I came down here, having no regular work, I couldn't fill the day, and it made me miserable. Of course, I'm sorry I've broke the front of this here thing, but I shall have to get it back to the blacksmith's, and that'll mean giving him a hand with the mending of it, and perhaps another journey, and so I reckon for the next twelve hours I sha'n't have a moment to call my own. And that, sir, I may tell you, for a man who was in active employment for thirty years, and goes crazy if he hasn't got work for every hour of the day, is a little bit of all right—that's what it is, sir, a little bit of all right." Then he began to gather up the fragments, whistling.

A Collector Indeed.

A SALE of books and autograph letters, which will take place on Fifth-avenue, New York, ten days hence, will make interesting evidence of the zeal with which American collectors buy and transport rare English books. From time to time a rather futile cry of alarm is raised when it is seen how the libraries of England are gradually becoming the libraries of America. Mr. Sidney Lee has pointed to the unceasing export of Shakespeare folios, undoubtedly a serious matter. Two reflections, however, moderate the indignation with which these expatriations of books might fill us. They are bought by Americans in open market, and our single remedy, that of out-bidding them, is in our own hands. Secondly, it is unnecessary to assume that because a book crosses the Atlantic it may not one day be brought back. The fact that Messrs. Bangs, of New York, have sent to English book-buyers the catalogue (admirably edited and printed) of their approaching sale of books and autograph letters collected by Mr. William Harris Arnold shows that the opportunity of recovery exists. It is true that the American old-book market is not highly organised, and that the mismanagement of the Daly sale disgusted English collectors, who, under better conditions, would have been purchasers of many of the English treasures which it included; but the time cannot be distant when the old-book markets of London and New York will be reconciled and fused. Rare books will then enrich English and American libraries alternately. The care bestowed on the catalogue before us suggests the nearness of this more gracious period. Meanwhile, it is impossible to resent the possession by an American book-lover of books and autographs so eloquent of personal selection and cultivated taste as those collected by Mr. Arnold. His first editions are of the kind which derive their value not from rarity only, but from intrinsic literary interest. One divines

that his books (there are not too many of them) have been lovingly hoarded and handled, that they have made many an Attic night. Think of holding in your hand even such a comparatively obscure volume as the first edition of the Poems of Thomas Carew, Esqr., 1642. Or of *The Mistress, or Severall Copies of Love Verses*, written by Mr. A. Cowley, 1647. Or of *Christobel: Kubla Khan, A Vision; The Pains of Sleep*, by S. T. Coleridge, Esqr., 1816. Mr. Arnold could hand you such books casually, and, as it were, on the brink of marvels. First editions of Donne, Walton, and Chapman simply lay about, and books that would have made Charles Lamb ill with longing stood in quiet beauty on his shelves. We do not know what Elia would have written upon seeing Thomas Heywood's *The Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells: Their Names, Orders, and Offices* in the city of the sky-scraper and the cock-tail; but we surmise that we would have answered in the affirmative his own question: "Whether the higher orders of seraphs ever sneer?" And to find this book flanked by the same author's *Troia Britanica* and his *Tunaikion: or Nine Bookes of Various History Concerninge Women, Inscribed by y^e names of y^e Nine Muses!* Remembering that Lamb once reduced a bore to silence by taking his pipe from his mouth and inquiring whether he meant to argue that a thief was not a good man, we tremble for him as our roving eye alights on Phineas Fletcher's *The Purple Island, together with Piscatorie Ecloges*, with the rare leaf at the end containing the verses "To my deare friend, the Spencer of this age," by Francis Quarles. Quarles himself stood on another of Mr. Arnold's shelves, where his *Divine Fancies* of 1632 and his *Shepherd's Oracles* of 1646 were neighboured by the *Judicious and Select Essayes and Observations* of "that Renowned and Learned Knight Sir Walter Raleigh upon the First Invention of Shipping." This volume contains, moreover, a seventeenth century publisher's list, being the books published by Humphrey Moseley, as Milton's Poems, Waller's Poems, Shirley's Poems, Crashaw's *Steps to the Temple* and Suckling's *Fragmenta Aurea*.

There is a kind of book of which it may be said that it is only interesting in its first edition, or, to be more careful of speech, that its interest only becomes radiant in that dress. Who now reads Dryden's satire *The Medal*? But Mr. Arnold has the first edition, yeapt *The Medall, A Satyre against Sedition*, printed by Jacob Tonson in 1682. Who, thus lured, would not spend half an hour with Dryden's crushing lines, and think of the hundred gold pieces with which King James rewarded the poet who, in obedience to his Majesty, had fixed on the Earl of Shaftesbury the stigma which a jury had removed. Then there are first editions of *Tom Jones*, *Amelia*, and *The Voyage to Lisbon*; a first edition of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* that had belonged to the Honourable Miss Ingram, one of the original subscribers and first editions of Swift's *Tale of a Tub* and *Genteel and Ingenious Conversation*.

On Milton's works Mr. Arnold had cast longing and effectual eyes, and we think the traffic on Fifth Avenue ought to be stopped while the first English and the first American editions of *Paradise Lost* are under the hammer.

In eighteenth-century books he is rich by the mere possession of the first octavo edition of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, 1770, which is supposed to have preceded the first quarto edition published on May 26 of that year. First editions of *The Citizen of the World*, and the second edition (rarest and best) of *The Life of Richard Nash, Esq.*, will bear it company in the sale.

A collector indeed! But there are still the letters and documents. There is the MS. of the Transfer by which Addison made over the copyright of the eighth volume of the *Spectator* to Jacob Tonson. There is a letter from Cowper about *The Task*, in which he says, for the comfort of weary writers: "Sully's rule—*nulla dies sine linea*, will make a

volume in less time than one would suppose. I adhered to it so rigidly that though more than once I found three lines as many as I had time to compass, still I wrote; and finding occasionally, and as it might happen, a more fluent vein, the abundance of one day made me amends for the barrenness of another." There is Shelley's letter to Ollier & Co., from Pisa, consigning *Adonais*: "I send you the bill of lading [a poet's tears the subject of a bill of lading!] of the box containing *Adonais*: and I send also a copy to yourself by Mr. Gisborne, who probably will arrive before the ship." Wordsworth, writing a long letter to his first American editor, Henry Reed, of Philadelphia, exclaims—little conscious of the significance with which time has invested his words: "What a vast field is there open to the English Mind acting through our noble Language."

But the best letters in Mr. Arnold's drawers were from Keats. His long letter, dated January 13, 15, 17 and 27, 1820, has never been published so fully and accurately as in Messrs. Bangs' catalogue. Some of its passages are curiously interesting. These, for example:

George has introduced to us an American of the Name of Hart. I like him in a Moderate way. He was at Mrs. Dilke's party; and, sitting by me, we began talking about english and american ladies. The Miss Reynolds and some of their friends made not a very enticing row opposite us. I bade him mark them and form his judgement of them. I told him I hated Englishmen because they were the only Men I knew. He does not understand this. Who would be Bragadocio to Johnny Bull? Johnny's house is his Castle, and a precious dull castle it is. What a many Bull Castles there are in So and so Crescent! I never wish myself an universal visitor and newsmonger but when I write to you. I should like for a day or two to have somebody's knowledge, Mr. Lacon's, for instance, of all the different folks of a wide acquaintance to tell you about. Only let me have his knowledge of family minutiae and I would set them in a proper light, but bless me I never go anywhere—my pen is no more garulous than my tongue—Any third person would think I was addressing myself to a Lover of Scandal. But we know we do not love scandal but fun, and if scandal happens to be fun, that is no fault of ours.

Who would have thought that Keats had known the literary impulses of Mr. Gissing? And, again:

When once a person has smok'd the vapidness of the routine of Society he must either have self interest or the love of some sort of distinction to keep him in good humour with it. All I can say is that standing at Charing Cross and looking east west north and south I see nothing but dullness. I hope while I am young to live retired in the country, when I grow in years and have a right to be idle, I shall enjoy cities more. If the American Ladies are worse than the English they must be very bad. . . . Their affectation of fashion and politeness cannot transcend ours. Look at our Cheapside Tradesmens sons and daughters—only fit to be taken off by a plague. I hope now soon to come to the time when I shall never be forced to walk through the City and hate as I walk.

In the same letter he makes sport with "Twang-dillo-dee," which, he says, is the "Amen" to nonsense. He would write it "at the end of most modern Poems," and then "Every American book ought to have it." Messrs. Bangs need not apologise to their bidders for this remark; instead they should read the climax:

Some philosophers in the Moon, who spy at our Globe as we do at theirs, say that Twang dillo dee is written in large letters on our Globe of Earth. They say the beginning of the T is just on the spot where London stands. London being built within the Flourish—*w a n* reach down and slant as far as Timbuctoo in Africa, the tail of the G goes slap across the Atlantic into the Rio della Plata—the remainder of the letters wrap round New Holland, and the last e terminates on land we have not yet discovered. However, I must be silent; these are dangerous times to libel a man in, much more a world.

A letter from Elizabeth Barrett Browning to Cornelius

Mathews corrects an idea that she was a relation of Tennyson's: "As to the mistake, if I could make out a hundred-and-ninety-ninth cousinship a hundred-and-ninety-nine times removed from Alfred Tennyson, I would snatch at it, and frame my pedigree."

There are letters from Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, and Hawthorne. Longfellow describes the first speech he ever made. "It shall be the last. It was only an inch long; but while impending it cast a shadow over my life for three days."

Emerson delivers himself to Prof. Henry Reed on Wordsworth: "It is very easy to see that to act so powerfully in this practical age, he needed, with all his oriental abstraction, the indomitable vigour rooted in animal constitution, for which his countrymen are marked."

Oliver Wendell Holmes writes: "I am tired of writing occasional poems. . . . What with Alumni meetings and Jubilee and Halleck Monument, and that Cambridge Memorial, I am getting to feel like a street musician strapped to a hurdy-gurdy."

Hawthorne declines to write twelve short stories, remarking: "I shall not be able to accept it, because experience has taught me that the thought and trouble expended on that kind of reproduction is vastly greater in proportion than what is required for a long story."

We have but skimmed the Catalogue. As a whole the collection goes far to justify the motto which will doubtless be found in every volume, since it encircles Mr. Arnold's book-plate: "There is no past so long as books do live."

Correspondence.

Gainsborough.

SIR,—I notice a letter in the ACADEMY from Mr. Arthur Chamberlain about Gainsborough's painting. I do not know whether you will be interested to know that I have a painting of a miser which bears a strong resemblance to "The Parish Clerk" in the National Gallery, except the one is a good man and the other a bad one. This painting formerly belonged to Sir Thomas Lavie and then to his son, Captain George Lavie, R.N.; then to his widow, who was a relative of mine; and came into my possession about twenty years ago. It was restored by Holyoake & Coates, of Leamington, and they have no hesitation in saying it is a genuine painting by Thomas Gainsborough. Sir Edward Cockburn, and many others who have seen it in my house, are all satisfied that it is the work of a master hand. I have never exhibited it or shown it outside my own place, but should be very pleased to let you or any other person view it. The miser is surprised while counting his money: he grasps his bag with one hand, while he endeavours to cover the coins on the table with the other. The face, hands, and body are as perfectly painted as other works of Gainsborough; the coat is a dark blue; and the coins bear the inscription, "Geo. III., Dei Gratia," which gives one some idea of the date of the picture, when there were not many men who could do such work.—I am, &c.,

J. J. JACKSON.

Titles of Novels.

SIR,—It would appear as if our novelists are getting desperately hard up for names for novels. Messrs. Stevens & Brown have just published a novel by George Horton, entitled *Like Another Helen*, not quite original (the title, I mean), as in 1899 Messrs. Blackwood & Sons published a novel, by "S. C. Grier," with the same title, taken from a line in "Alexander's Feast." Then we have Mr. Macqueen issuing, the other day, a novel entitled *Four Red Night Caps*, by Mr. Chesney. One would naturally imagine that there was little chance of such a title as this having been forestalled. But this is the case, as, in 1890, the same title was adopted for a novel by C. J.

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Hyne, published by Messrs. Remington. Surely such awkward repetitions of titles might be easily avoided by consulting the English Catalogue.—I am, &c.,

GEORGE STRONACH.

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SIR,—Will you allow me to correct a misapprehension made in your review of my book this week, where you ascribe its authorship to my sister?

At the same time let me thank you for your chastening comments. The book was only a holiday experiment written by me some years ago when I was resident on the river, and, by courteous permission of the publishers, its present issue has been confined to press copies. Such a plan, at all events, safeguards the public from having a work offered for purchase until it may have chanced to pass the proper carriers of journalistic criticism.—I am, &c.,

R. HEATHER BIGG.

56, Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square, W.:

April 20, 1901.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 83 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best personal reminiscence of a notable man or woman. The replies are nearly all interesting. We award the prize to Mrs. Macdonald, 5, Montacute-gardens, Tunbridge Wells, for the following:

VERLAINE.

We were sitting at tea in the little flat near the Regent's Park when Verlaine was shown in.

He bowed over my hand, with his eyes on my face—eyes that had looked on all the passion and sorrow of the world, and still retained a glance of childlike simplicity; eyes through which there looked a soul ever young, ever sensitive to new impressions—the soul of a child. He told us of his visit to Oxford, of his lecture at Barnard's Inn, simply, naturally, revealing his pleasure at the interest, the enthusiasm, he excited. Like a pleased and happy boy he said: "Ces Anglais sont si bons pour moi; je les aime bien."

And all the while I watched him—the strange head, rising to a point in the bald crown; the deep-set eyes, with their world of personality and force. I thought of *Sagesse*, I thought of *Chansons pour elle*, of the man gifted with such marvellous sensitivity that he could write those two books, and be himself all the time. I longed to speak to him, to tell him something of my admiration, my reverence for his art. And then he looked up and met my eye—noted with surprise the intent stare—looked at me questioningly. . . . I bent forward, eagerly, but a sudden overwhelming sense of the man's greatness—above all, his unconsciousness, his entire simplicity—shook me with a whirlwind of emotion, paralysed me. "Vous restez longtemps à Londres, Monsieur?" I stammered. I think he smiled as he answered: "Non, Madame, je m'en vais."

A moment later he was gone.

Other reminiscences are as follows:

TOM TAYLOR.

When I was a very young man, I found a staunch and kind friend in Tom Taylor. His dinners were always interesting, from the character of the people met there, and the ease and cordiality of the intercourse. One I remember well; it was given in his bachelor days, and the place of meeting his chambers in Fig Tree Court. Lady Duff Gordon was there, handsome, frank, clever, and with a wonderful charm; Dr. Pauli, then writing his "Life of Alfred"; Raffaele Monti, the sculptor, and a few others. In the course of the evening the German student-songs were mentioned, and Lady Duff Gordon expressed a wish to hear them again, recalling happy German days. But there was no piano in the room. Taylor remembered a friend near who had one, and soon so arranged that we all adjourned to his chambers. Pauli was soon lost in the joy of playing and singing lustily his beloved student-songs, when Taylor's clerk came in, and made a mysterious communication to him, unnoticed in the noise. Up he jumped, and left the room. After a time, he returned, bringing with him, somewhat unwilling, Alfred Tennyson—stern in face, dignified in manner, large and loose in shirt-collar (not offensively clean, but accommodatingly easy), and constrained among so many strangers, and in the sudden still hush which followed his entrance Lady Duff Gordon

welcomed him warmly, with friendly chiding for a lost visit, promising him absolute freedom and unlimited tobacco if he would only come and stay with them. Soon he was in close talk with the lawyers at the further end of the room. He had come up to town from the Isle of Wight (we heard afterwards) to legally secure another bit of land he had bought there, and so had hunted Taylor out as a man of law, not of letters. Monti brought out his sketch-book and began to sketch the great man without asking his permission. Tennyson, when aware of it, frowned, and moved back behind others. Monti moved also, and soon his pencil was at work again, his head jerking up and down conveying impressions. Suddenly, Tennyson glared at him. The dapper little Italian shrivelled up, the furtive sketch-book disappeared. Tennyson was angered and dumb to all. It was late, the guests disappeared, only a few remained (Monti not among them). These all drew up to the fire, and then Tennyson was another man—genial, cheerful, talking, and smoking freely. He told a story about some peacocks—I forget what—never knew, so far as I can tell, for I was absorbed in his personality, and somewhat dazed, I think, for I admired him with all the fervour of youth. The story brought shouts of laughter. At length we returned to Taylor's chambers—a very few doors off—and Taylor showed Tennyson a drawing from Lear—the Death of Cordelia. He was much interested in it, and asked who had done it. "Young Raffaele, here!" answered Taylor, slapping the young artist on the shoulder. Tennyson looked keenly at him for a moment, and then back to the drawing. And the young man went straight to the seventh heaven—or, at least, felt treading on air. And this I know, for I walked home with him. [W. S. B., London.]

A REMINISCENCE.

Shortly after my return from Abyssinia in 1868 I was asked by the late Mr. George Smith to lunch with him at the pleasant house which he then occupied at Hampstead. It was a lovely summer's day; the flowers were looking their brightest in the sunny garden, and the birds were singing their cheeriest in the elms. It was the hey-day of the *Cornhill Magazine*, several of its contributors were among the guests, and an intellectual light was thrown upon the table by the presence of an editor or two. On the right hand of our host was seated the author of *Literature and Dogma*, and a happy fortune placed me next to him. I was quite a young man at the time, and my neighbour encouraged me to talk of my adventures in Abyssinia, which had culminated in a captivity which lasted nearly two years. Being influenced, I suppose, by the proximity of one of the most eminent writers of the day, I deplored the literary blank which had resulted from the dearth of books in our imprisonment at Magdala. Mr. Arnold listened with a kind, serious smile. He was silent for a moment, and then, turning to me, said: "Ah, but you had the Bible, I suppose. What a wonderful Biblical scholar you might have become!" Whether Mr. Arnold was the most interesting person I have ever met I can hardly say. He was not, perhaps, of the right sex; but nothing in after-life has ever made a deeper impression on me than his little impromptu sermon on lost opportunities. [W. F. P., Ramsgate.]

A small child of eight sat in the window-sill of a country vicarage, poring over a book of fairy tales. The door of the room opened; a man of imposing presence, clad in flowing cloak and wearing a sombrero, entered.

Advancing to the child's cosy seat, he said: "Well, little one, what is't you read? Are they stories of 'King Arthur and the Knights of the Table Round'?" "No," replied the child, glancing shyly at the stranger, "I don't know those stories. I wish I did." "Then you *shall* know them. Sit on my knee and listen." The sonorous and beautiful voice rolled on, and when the last lines were said—"The new sun rose bringing the new year"—the listener was in tears from excitement and delight.

This reminiscence dates a long way back in the nineteenth century; but its memory is, and always will be, fresh and green.

[A. D. B., Liverpool.]

Thirteen other replies received.

Competition No. 84 (New Series).

This week we ask for character-sketches of animals or birds known to, or remembered by, competitors. It should be noted that mere anecdotes are not asked for, though, of course, they may be introduced to illustrate character-sketches. To the writer of the best character-sketch of bird or beast we will send a cheque for One Guinea. Limit 300 words.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, May 1. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

